THE DREAM OF BONAPARTE.

One night, sad and languid, I went to my bed,
And scarce had reclin'd on my pillow,
When a vision surprising came into my head—
Methought I was crossing the billow,
Methought as my vessel dashed over the deep,
I beheld that rude rock that grows craggy and steep,
Ah! the rock where the willow is now seen to weep,
O'er the grave of that once famed Napoleon.

I dreampt as my vessel she neared to the land,
I beheld clad in green his bold figure,
The trumpet of fame he clasped firm in his hand,
On his brow there sat valor and rigor.
"Ah, stranger," cried he, "hast thou ventured to me,
From the land of thy forefather's who boast they're free?
If so, a true story I'll tell unto thee,
Concerning the once famed Napoleon.

"Remember that year so immortal," he cried,
"When I crossed the rude Alps famed in story,
With the legions of France, for her sons were my pride,
And led them to honor and glory;
On the plains of Morengo I tyranny hurl'd,
And wherever my banner the eagle unfurl'd,
'Twas the standard of freedom all over the world,
"The signal of fame," cried Napoleon.

"As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,
I have march'd to the trumpet and cymbal,
But by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,
Tho' monarchs before me did tremble.
Now rulers and princes their stations demean,
And like scorpions they spit forth their venom and spleen,
But liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,
As I woke from my dream," cried Napoleon.

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